# THE TRAITOR TO HIMSELF.

OR

Mans Heart his greatest Enemy.

A

# Moral Interlude

IN

## HEROIC VERSE.

Representing,

The { Careless / Hardned / Returning / Despairing / Renewed } Heart.

With Intermaskes of Intepretation at the close of each several Act.

As it was Acted by the Boys of a Publick School at a Breaking up, And Published as it may be useful, on like occasion.

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OXFORD,

Printed by *L. L.* and are to be sold by *Edward Forrest*, Booksellour in *Oxford*, and *Hugh Kent* Booksellour in *Evesham*, Anno Dom. 1678.

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# TO THE READER.

THIS not my design by this address to court my Reader to a good humour, since I know how usual it is for Epistles in that kind to fail of their intent, and will as certainly fall under censure, as any thing else so exposed to publick view, the general fate will be *pro captu Lectoris*.

I only intend an account of the following Trifle, its Birth, and reason of appearing in Print.

My employment for some years past having been to educate Boys in a publick School, such Exercises as the ensuing Poem was part of what was provided at the breaking up, and chiefly for the entertainment of the Governours of the School, who with a fatherly care yearly honoured us with their presence, therefore the Prologue and Epilogue are cheifly directed to congratulate them.

It seem'd unreasonable to me to treat them altogether in a language of which the greater part under-

ſtood little or nothing, and ſo could neither receive any ſatisfaction to themſelves, nor be competent Judges of what they heard. And as unreaſonable is it that Boys ſhould pretend to be ſo far proficients as to perform exerciſe in another language; and yet never be taught to be ſo far acquainted with their own, as to ſpeak or read it as though they underſtood it, and perchance thought to do bravely in *Latin*, when not able to write two lines of tolerable ſence in *Engliſh*, nor pronounce them as they ought.

I pretend neither to be the firſt, that hath ſeen the want of *Engliſh* Exerciſes in Schools, nor the firſt that has attempted to repair that defect, but I ſpeak this to vindicate ſuch a practice in general, and my own in particular which is by ſeveral *Engliſh* Exerciſes both Proſe and Verſe to inure them both to write and ſpeak underſtandingly, and in a tolerable ſtile, which alſo initiates them to this more ſolemn Exerciſe: not to exclude Exerciſe in other Languages, both commendable, ſuitable, uſeful and uſual in all Schools, but to mix with them, which I have found to be helps to each other; ſince in *Latin* Exerciſes, Boys for the moſt part, mind words more than things, and in ſpeaking obſerve the ſound more than ſence. But *Engliſh*, with which they are ſooner acquainted, quickens their Fancy and enriches the conception and Judgment, and they are ſooner able to ſpeak it underſtandingly, and by tha brought to look after Sence and Reaſon in what they compoſe or ſpeak in other Languages, ſo that they may underſtand it.

For the manner of writing by way of Parable on ſuch a Subject, I think I have the beſt of Men for example, and know no reaſon why Delight and Profit may

not

not thus be mixed, and the Principles of ſeriouſneſs thus inſtilled into Youth by Parable and Poeſie.

As to the Mode of Interlude, I thought it a good way, fit for Boys, to bring them not only to a good habit of ſpeaking, but carriage of Body, becauſe the variety that is in this way cannot be in ſet Speeches; and I find that this kind of action does inſpirit ſuch as before appeared but dull, and temper them with a fitting boldneſs, and convenient confidence in other things.

I had not publiſhed this but on thoughts that it might be of uſe to others, in the like purpoſe of breakings up. I am not ignorant of the multitude of Plays that are already extant, but I could never find any that in my apprehenſion was ſuitable to ſuch an occaſion, being either full of Vanity: and ſo apt to corrupt young Minds, or with Womens Parts, which I never thought fit to put on Boys, or number of Actors ſo many as were not eaſily contracted or altered without manifeſt maiming the deſign and looſing the Plot.

As for the Stile and Language I have nothing to ſay in its defence, but that the obſcurity of my converſe gives me no better. I had not time, or if I had, not mind to polliſh it for a critical Reader. I hope you will find Sence and Reaſon, and pertinent to what is deſigned, which I always thought Language good enough, a natural ſtrain which runs without forceing, which ſome, as I obſerve, attempting, under pretence of polliſhing have ſo clouded, that a ſharp Eye could ſcarce diſcern what was intended.

The

# THE PROLOGUE

## Spoken by four Boys in Parts.

First Boy. *WElcome grave Senate, as the early light,*
*And ſtill and quiet Morn;*
*To Seamen after Storm;*
*And tedious minutes of tempeſtuous night.*

Second. *Welcome as peace to thoſe who long have ſound,*
*The Conquering Sword of War,*
*All quietneſs debar;*
*Making their Country one bleeding Wound.*

Third. *Welcome as freedom to the ſhackled Slave,*
*Who wails with toil and pain,*
*And counts even Death a Gain*
*Hoping for no releaſe, but in his Grave.*

First. *Welcome*, thrice Welcome *you our Port, our peace,*
*Our Storms are over blown,* All three repeat thrice Welcome together.
Second. *Wee've peace and Conqueſt won,*
Third. *Our Shackles you knock off and give releaſe*

First. *Never did Councel on a Tryal Day*
*More wiſh to gain applauſe,*
*Gain, and the Cauſe,*
*Then we have wiſht to ſee You Grace our Play.*

Second,

Second. *Ne're was young Heir more pleas'd to be at Age;*
*When Debts and Tutors hands,*
*Preſs with unkind Commissions;*
*Then we are pleas'd to ſee You fence our Stage.*

Third. *No wanting Landlord wiſht the day of Rent,*
*With half ſuch ſtrong deſire,*
*As we do now aſſent;*
*This Tribute to our Patrons to preſent.*

First. *Welcome,* Thrice Welcome, *this our Tryal Day*
*We hope for your applauſe,* Thrice Welcome ſpoken by all three together.
*Heirs to the Cauſe;*
*That's our acquittance, though the Rent You pay.*

Fourth Boy. *See what a fond delight leaps in your Breaſt,*
*As if you're ſure to pleaſe* To the three Boys.
*And gain your eaſe,*
*By what ſhall be by us this Night expreſt.*

*Grave Patrons! no, we dare not be ſo bold* Turning to the Preſence.
*To hope to ſatisfy*
*If we enjoy;*
*Your Patient Pardon 'tis our Mine of Gold.*

*That we are bold to hope you us'd to give,*
*And from our Labours beg a ſhort repreive,*
*Your goodneſs often doth us ſo relieve,*
*We in our Studies by Your favour live.*

Actors

# ACTORS.

| Names. | Qualities. | oral Signification. |
|---|---|---|
| *Cardian,* | Governour of the City. | *The Heart of Man.* |
| *Idos,* | Two Faithful Councellers but slighted. | *Knowledg.* |
| *Synidos,* | | *Conscience.* |
| *Pathus,* | Two mean Servants who by flattering grow great favorites but prove Traitors. | *Passion.* |
| *Anoetus,* | | *Folly.* |
| *Kerux,* | A Leiger Embassador. | *The Word of God.* |
| *Lupa,* | An Herald or Messenger. | *Affliction.* |
| *Scrutator,* | One doubting the frame of his Heart. | |
| *Interpres,* | Interpreter of the meaning of the several passages. | |

Antimaske

# ANTIMASKE

Scrutator, *After a Pause speaks.*

*LOst in the Shadts of Night, and lost at Home,*
*A Stranger there, while Mans wild thoughts do Roame,*
*Searching abroad he thinks he something knows,*
*But then the knowledg of himself doth loose.*
*How vainly do Men boast of what they find?*
*While the great Mystery of Mans own Mind,*
*Remains a secret, an unriddled doubt,*
*From which the World can never help me out,*
*But yet in vain I muse.* Foulding his Arms stands silently as studying.

Enter *Interpres* and speaks.

*Who's that in melancholly Dumps, I see?*
*My Friend* Scrutator? *He has need of me.* Goes to him.
*Still in this musing Vein, what means my Friend?*
*Will thy unsettled doubts nere have an end?*
*How now Man? Planet strook? cannot thy Tongue?*
*Propose its usual questions, right or wrong?*
*Come, come, I can no longer this endure,*
*Ile to thy Melancholly give a Cure.*

Scrut. *Pray Sir forbear, I fear 'twill be in vain,*
*My wound's invisible, an inward pain*

*Assist that part, which I shall never see,*
*N[illegible]*
*Inter. [illegible]*
*Unto [illegible]*
*Friendly [illegible]*
*[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Inter. 'Tis true Scrutator, you a doubt have nam'd,
Which to find out all Humane help is maim'd,
But help Divine lends our weak Eyes a Light,
Whereby we're guided how to judg aright,
And from that Light I'le borrow one small Spark,
To bring your clouded Mind out of the Dark.
And in an Interlude this Evening show
That hidden World, which you desire to know.
In a short Parable, which I'le unfold,
The secret you desire here shall be told.
The great Impostor Heart I will discry,
With all its fatal Cheats, and Treachery
Against its self: its own most deadly Foe,
Which the experienced Souls with Sorrow know.
And will discover, how this Traitor may
Be taught the Paths of Truths most Holy way.

Scru. The ways of Truth may dwell in Poesy,
I'le pay my Thanks, and lend my Mind an Eye.

They Retire to the Curtain and stand as Spectators.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter* Cardian, Sunidos, Idos: *who walk on, while* Pathos *and* Anoetos *stand bare at the Curtain as Servants.*

*Card.* BRight as the Noon Days Sun my Glory stands,
This City prospers, rul'd by my Commands.
Ali'd by Birth to our most potent King,
The Blood that fills my Veins, deriv'd from him.
On me depends the welfare of you all,
With me you stand, if I but shake, you fall.
Peace, Plenty, and Prosperity to fill
My happy City, and the Fields me Till.

What

What then remains but that our fond cares cease?
And we untroubled tast the Fruits of Peace.
*Path.* And of those Fruits who doth deserve to have,
The largest share, but you, who quiet gave?
*Ano.* Inferiours may a tast of those enjoy,
But Governours may all their time employ,
To bath themselves in the smooth streams of pleasure,
The richest, safest, most assured treasure.
*Card.* Well, well, *Anonius* you flatter me.
*Ano.* Not I my Lord, 'tis but what does agree
With our great Governours most high renown,
The greatest happiness below the Crown.
*Path.* Your Princes favour is so good a Guard,
That you'l abuse it with a Cowards fear,
To think that any Enemies so hard,
To dare assault you while his favours near,
'Tis folly then to give your self to care,
Since he cares for us, do you that labour spare.
*Card.* Though Millions of my Foes my Walls assail,
I shall not fear that any shall prevail.
*Ido.* Sir In this Cities welfare we have share,
And in the Government you use our care,
Nor can its peace, without our care endure,
Though you are pleas'd to think your self secure.
*Sunid.* 'Tis from our potent Princes higher Throne
Our safety comes, he owns us as his own.
'Tis his high Power has fortified us so,
We need not dread what forreign Foes can do,
Strongest assaults we from abroad may scorne,
Yet may rebellion within our Walls be born,
The boldest forreign Enemy we brave,
Fear only danger from the home-born Slave.
*Car.* Still thy ill boding Mind (*Sunidès*) fears,
In midst of greatest pleasures Sighs and Tears.
*Ido.* 'Tis not (great Sir) our cowardise but Love,
That those expressions on our Tongues do move.
Not in true safety would we dangers make,
But Reap those Joys our Prince gives leave to take.

But so to take, that he may have renown,
Our Loyalty gives glory to his Crown.
Nor can we better Loyalty expreſs,
Then when his ſtrength, our weakneſs, we confeſs,
Nor do we that confeſs, unleſs prepare
In times of Peace, for the aſſaults of War.
For how can we ſuccour from him expect,
If we our ſelves and his commands neglect.

*Sunid.* Our Prince is ſafe, above the Sword of War,
But yet his Cities ſtill in danger are,
And though the Governours his Favour boaſt,
If they their charge neglect his Favour's loſt,
The charge we know to ſee his Laws obey'd,
To have his Forces ſtill in Arms array'd,
And truſt me Sir our care can't be too great,
Since Enemies for our ſurprizal wait.
And though at preſent, all things ſeem as calm,
The Seas ſmoath brow always foregoes a Storm.

*Ido.* The time of Peace muſt not be thrown away
In Idleneſs, to Eat, and Drink, and Play,
But to prepare for Combat. Swords will ruſt:
If not well uſ'd, fatal polluting duſt
Will ſpoil our Arms, if not ſometimes put on,
Souldiers not muſter'd will in need be gone.
If Councel err, that to this care doth guide,
'Tis but an errour on the ſafeſt ſide.

*Card.* Then for our ſafety go do you provide,
I would not for a World the King ſhould think
I ſleight my charge, or at our dangers wink.
I'le ſee due Execution ſhall be done
In what you order. *Exeunt* Sunid. Ido.

So I'm glad they're gone,
Tell me of Fears, and Dangers, none can ſee
But Cowards Eyes, they nere ſhall trouble me.
Reach me my Chair, I muſt ſit down and reſt,
To Sleep thoſe thoughts out of my troubled Breſt.

*Anot.* Pathus *ſet a Chair.* Card. *Sits.*

*Anot.*

*Anoe.* Sit down my Lord, ther's no such cause of dread,
But we may well supply an Army's head.
*Path.* Or should not all the Laws be obey'd in th' Town,
What need you fear for that the Princes frown.
Must you give answer for each petty thing,
That these Men would believe offends the King.
*Car.* What think'st thou *Pathus* of my Glorious State?
*Path.* A happiness above the reach of fate,
*Car.* And what *Anoetus* think'st thou of me?
*Anoe.* A Glorious Prince above compatity,
The Glory of the World, and wonder too,
Wise, Honourable, Prudent, Knowing, you
Are all of these, and in all these secure.
*Sunid speaks within.* But if you sleep none of these will endure.
*Car.* How! break my rest? abuse the use of Night?
I'le rather Night and Day sweet Sleep invite, *Sleeps.*
*Anoe.* So, hush as Midnight, why should you pursue
A fear, that will too soon appear in view.
*Card. starts, and calls.*
*Car. Anoetus, Pathus,*
*Path.* Sir we are here,
Although you Sleep wee don't forsake your Chair.
*Car.* What noise is that? *A noise within, he starts again.*
*Anoe.* Fear not my Lord we're by,
Wee'l guard you safe or in your quarrel Die.

*Enter Ido hastily and makes him,*

*Ido.* Awake my Lord, the Town's Beleagur'd round,
Innumerable Foes cover the Ground,
Their bloody Ensignes declare War in view;
And bid defiance to the Prince, and you.
*Car.* This Army Man, is but thy Coward Fear,
When Danger's ten Mile off thou think'st 'tis near.
*Ido.* My Lord! I saw *Amartans* Mighty Band
Of many Legions under his Command,
*Appolyon* the grand Enginere, begun
To draw the Lines of their approach to th' Town.

And

And stops all Passages, that no relief
May come, from our Kings General in chief.
*Ano.* Well let them come, we'll easily defend
The Fort, till they their utmost courage spend.
*Car.* Go summon out your Forces, Man the Line,
Prepare your Cannon,
*Ido.* But they'l undermine, *Card. Starts up.*
*Car.* What though they do? Is not our Force enough?
Our Weapons good as theirs, our Armour proof?
*Ido.* 'Tis true, my Lord, if you your self appear,
And with your presence all your Army cheer.
And rally up your scatter'd Troops, which stand
Unmoveable, though *Sumidor* and I Command
'Tis all but vain;
*Car.* I will not go, Sleep bids a little stay. *Offers to sit down.*
*Ido.* Not go My Lord? What weighty reason may?
Now Honour calls, your Courage thus delay,
Can you to Sleep a Moments space afford,
When Honour calls, and Triumph waits your Sword?
*Car.* Let Triumph hither come, to it I will not go,
Stay till to Morrow 'tis a civil Foe.
*Ido.* But if my Lord we are surpriz'd this Night?
*Car.* Tell them I 'm not at leisure now to Fight,
I'le venture all their Force: what can they do?
I will not break my rest this Night for you.
And though they win the Town before to Morrow,
Sleeping to Night I shall not know my Sorrow.
*Ano.* Come in, my Lord, to rest, and while you sleep,
You'l fear no dangers, rest in Peace doth keep.
In Sleep there is no fear of Fortunes frowns,
The Begger feels no want, nor maimed Wounds. *Exeunt.*

## End of the First Act.

Inter-

# INTERMASKE.

Interpres *and* Scrutator *meet, Salute, and Walk on, &c.*

*Scrut.* YOu've undertook the task: now I 'le impose,
Read me the Ridle of this first Acts close.
What careless Fool is this: that hath this trust,
Yet neither to himself nor Prince is just?

*Inter.* This careless Man doth represent Mans Heart,
The Cities Man, govern'd by that chief part,
Which boasts its self by Birth to be Divine,
Owning it doth by borrow'd Lustre Shine.
Trusting to that, no want nor danger fears,
Resolving for it self to take no cares.

*Scrut.* Who are his four attendents? two of which
Foster his Folly, rub his careless Itch,
The other two, seem to advise him well,
In real Love his threatning dangers tell.

*Inter.* These four are th' inbred Guests of th' natural Heart,
Passion and Folly Act the Flatterers part,
Cheating poor Man, blind both his Ear and Eye,
He sees not Knowledg, hears not Concience cry,
Those are the two oppose this Treachery.

*Scrut.* Yet Knowledg both and Consciencespeak his Power,
No force can win the Hearts united Tower
But Rebels from within.

*Inter.* Man's his own Foe.
His inbred Lusts betray himself to woe.

*Scrut.* What means this Seige which Knowledg doth declare?

*Inter.* Man's born a Combatant design'd for War,
Satan and Sin his Foes the Seige begin.
Mans Heart's the Citi's Fort weakly wall'd in,

Yet

Yet careleſs Heart, it ſelf doth care deny,
With Sloth endures all their Battery.
Mindleſs of its own good: no watch doth keep,
But in the greateſt Dangers Foſters Sleep.
And the next Scene ſhall ſet before your Eye,
The Hearts great danger falſe Security.

*The Curtain drawn diſcovers* Cardian *Sleeping in his Chair;* Anoetus *and* Pathus *behind him, a Sword drawn with the point downward hanging over his Head,* Interpres *ſpeaks.*

*Inter.* The careleſs Heart (my dear *Scrutator*) ſees,
By irkſome Folly taught to ſeek falſe eaſe.
The Sword of Vengeance drawn, hangs o're his Head,
Yet careleſs Sleeps as if he'ed nothing dread.
*Scru.* Will none awake him?
*Inter.* That this next Act will ſhow,
Yet warnings ſlighted he'l more careleſs grow.

*They retire to ſtanding at the Curtain:*

---

## ACT. II.

*Enter* Kerux, Idos, Sunidos, *and walk to the end of the Stage.*

*Ker.* WHat's that I ſee? ſuits this with the renown
Of him, that Governs this moſt famous Town?
Is this your care? that have been thus prefer'd
To be his Councel.
*Sunid.* Sir we can't be heard.
We've done our duty, and his dangers ſhown,
Therefore he left us thus to ſleep alone.
*Ker.* Who blinds his Eyes, and thus deludes his Mind?
*Ido.* Sir there you ſee, his Slaves attend behind

Advanc'd to favour, we excluded are,
And never call'd, or if we press more near,
Lookt on but as Intruders, tyresome Friends
Whose Words against his inclination bends.
We're weary Sir of being slighted so,
Whilst *Pathus*, and that Slave for Favorites go.

*Ker.* Yet do your duty and be faithful still,
We may redeem him from the worst of ill.
Go and awake him tell him who is here.

Ido. *and* Suni. *go and shake him.*

*Suni.* Awake, my Lord Ambassador is near.

*Car.* Who's that disturbs me? and renews my fear, *Speaks*
My Foes I had forgot, nor felt a Wound, *drowsily sees not*
Heard not the Drums alarm, nor Trumpets Sound. Kerux.

*Ido.* Yet those, who to false peace do you betray,
Under the greatest danger make you stay.

*Sunid.* Look up my Lord? and then you soon will see
What Danger's near, how far from Peace you be.

Card. *looks up: seeing a Sword: Starts up amazed Speaks to* Anoe. *and* Path.

*Car.* Is this your care?

*Path.* This was but a mistake,
Nor had it troubled you but that you wake.

*Car.* Well, then I 'le shift my Place and Sleep again, *Curtains*
Since waking does betray most this pain. *drawn his Chair set*

*Ker.* My Lord I 'm much surpriz'd to find you so *out, he sits*
Careless, and to indulge that Folly too. *down.*
Forgetting your high Birth, and Trust, and Place,
When Honour calls in Sloth to seek disgrace.

Card *As not having seen him before rises to receive him.*

*Car.* My Lord your Pardon, I did not know you were here,
Reach for my Lord Ambassadour a Chair. *Chair brought* Ker. *sits.*
We're ready Sir to hear those high Commands
Our Prince has sent unto us, by your hands:

*Ker.* The King my Master bids me let you know
You're in great danger, though you think not so.

And you neglect the Councellors he gave,
And to your ruine truſt a wretched Slave.
When this neglect ſhall you to ruine bring,
How can you anſwer it before the King?

*Car.* I think my Lord Ambaſſador ſpeaks true, *To* Sunid.
I in my Councels muſt be rul'd by you.

*Sunid.* Yet hear him further what he hath to ſay.

*Car.* Speak on my Lord, I your commands obey.

*Ker.* Thoſe threatning dangers, which about you ſtand, *While this is*
Call forth your courage, and your armed Hand. *ſpoke* Card.
And 'tis your Princes will that you ſhould Fight, *whiſpers*
Stand in the Battel, and maintain his right. *with* Sunid.
Nor ſhall you want Aſſiſtance, nor Reward, Ido. Anoe.
If you his Honour, your own good regard.
The Foe would change thoſe Laws which he doth give, Path. *by*
And without which this City cannot live. *turns, and as*
Thoſe then you muſt preſerve inviolate, *laſt Sleeps.*
Which while you do, no Foe can work your fate.
To Loyalty your own high Birth doth move,
And the endearments of your Princes love.
Your Conqueſt, by reſiſting, you'l obtain:
And from your Prince Immortal Glory gain.
He'l ſend his Son with Power the Seige to raiſe,
And Crown your Heads with never-dying Bayes.
To this your Councels, *Idas*, *Sunidas* will
Prompt and Inſtruct you: That do you fulfil.
But if to home born Rebels you give way,
They'l to compliance with your Foes betray.
And if you baſely yeild, expect to be
A Slave in Chains of baſe Captivity, Card. *Sleeps.*
From which you'l hardly ever be redeem'd,
Nor by your Prince, nor your own Slaves eſteem'd.
My Lord you mind not ſure what I have ſaid.

*Car.* Yes, yes my Lord, but I've a buſy Head, *Drowſily.*
The preſent troubles do diſtract my Mind,
But you in me ſhall all obedience find.
And ſo commend my Service to my Prince. *Riſes.*

*Ker.* That Service by your deeds you muſt evince: *So* Ker.

Take heed your Service be not only words,
That will expose your Breast to all the Swords
Your Enemies can draw, nor can there be
Nor to your self, nor Prince, worse Treachery.

*Exit.* Ido, Sunid. *attending him.*

*Car.* This tedious, doting, old Fool staid so long,
That I began to fear he'd here be gone,

*Path.* And now his two grave Friends will be so bold,
That you must be by their advice controul'd.

*Car.* No, I can hear with patience what they'l say,
But it is in my choise what to obey.

*Enter* Sunid. *hastily, his Sword drawn.*

*Sunid.* My Lord! call all your force to Battel straight,
The Enemy attempts to force the Gate,
Rebels within prepare to let them in,
'Tis time to show your self and th'Fight begin.

*Car.* What shall I do? I fear I can't withstand
This mighty force, with my weak armed Hand.

*Suni.* Sir, you forget whose Battel 'tis you Fight,
The Prince will help you to maintain his right;
If once they see his Banner you display,
Their very courage then will melt away.
Your Sloth and Fear give courage to their Brow:
That arms their Hands, and gives them Conquest too.

*Car.* Then I will go, and Conquer where I go, *Draws, so do*
No slothful fear shall me betray to Woe. Anoc. *and* Path.
And o're suspected Rebels set such Spies,
Shall check rebellion e're it can arise.
Come, we are ready. *Offers to go but but starts back.*
But stay who must command?

*Sunid.* These are too weak their fury to withstand,
If you rely on them, they will betray
You to your Foes, and open them the way.

Accuse

*Card.* Accuſe them not, they do but ſeek my eaſe.
*Sunid.* They'l work your Death under pretence of Peace.
*Car.* If I do Fight, I am reſolv'd they lead.
*Sunid.* Then for the Sword prepare your careleſs Head. *Exit.*
*Car.* This ſawcie Fellow ſure would Govern me. *Angrily.*
*Anoe.* And make you rule chain'd in his Slavery.
*Path.* Wee'l eaſe you of this trouble if you will
Give us command to Act, while you ſit ſtill.
We'el meet your Foes, and if we find them ſtrong,
A Peace or Truce wee'l make, that can't be wrong
To you, nor to the Prince.
*Car.* Well, then I'le take my reſt, *Puts up his Sword.*
And leave you two to do as you think beſt. *Anoe. Exit.*
*they put up.*
*Path.* Then will we our own intereſt firſt ſecure,
And make theſe Councellors in Priſon ſure.
*Anoe.* They hinder but the Peace, what need we Fight?
On eaſy terms wee'l make a Peace this Night.
*Path.* And in the Morning, the City ſhall enjoy
The love of them, it now ſeeks to deſtroy.
*Anoe.* Let us about it ſtraight, leſt diſcontent
In *Idos* and *Sunidos*, us prevent. *Exeunt.*

*End of Second Act.*

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# INTERMASKE.

Interpres *and* Scrutator *meet,* *Salute, and* *Walk on,* &c.

*Scru.* ALas poor Heart! methinks in this I ſee
That very careleſsneſs that troubles me.
*Inter.* True Sir, you judge aright, as Face to Face
Anſwers in Water, ſo is it in this caſe,

The

The ſame corruption fills your Heart, and mine,
In this Poetick Glaſs we ſee them ſhine.
*Scru.* How ſoon he's reconciled to thoſe Slaves
That ſet him in the danger, and again
Will truſt the Knaves.
*Inter.* So quickly Men forget, that Luſts do lead
Them to the Paths and Chambers of the Dead,
And ſoon again repeat their baſe deſires,
Though vengeance Sword threatens Eternal Fires.
*Scr.* Who's this Ambaſſadour? and who the Prince?
That doth with Truth the drowſy Hears convince,
*Inter.* The Prince is our great Governour above,
VVho in Divine and never failing Love
By choſen Meſſengers ſpeaks to the Heart,
His living VVords Direction to impart,
To know his dangers, and his Friends and Foes,
VVith this advice Knowledg, and Conſcience cloſe.
The Heart by this is of the Truth convinc'd,
Inclines to yeild Obedience to his Prince.
*Scru.* He ſeems to honour the Ambaſſadour,
Commends his VVords, and lends a patient Ear.
Yet I obſerv'd, that all the while he ſpake
The Sweets of Truth, that *Cardian* did make
But ſmall obſervance, ever ſeem'd to talk;
Continual whiſpering his Tongue did walk,
Sometimes with one, and ſometimes with another;
In ſilent whiſpers ſecret thoughts did ſmother,
At laſt directly Sleeps.
*Inter.* 'Twas well obſerv'd, that ſecret whiſpering
Shows the poor careleſs Hearts vain wandering,
VVhich when the Ear is ſet to hear in ſhow,
Ofttimes the Heart doth in looſe wand'rings flow.
Sometimes with Conſcience the VVord approves, and then
The worldly Toys enjoy the Heart agen.
So ſtrange a mixture, Man would bluſh to ſee
Such Follies in his Heart tranſacted be.
VVho thus himſelf deceives, doth only bring
A dead, and hartleſs Carcaſe, to his King.

*Scru.*

*Scru.* Yet after all his fair pretence of Love,
His resolutions otherwise do move.
To his dull careless way,
His Slaves do easily sway.
*Inter.* Thus holy resolutions quickly fail,
Passion and Folly easily prevail,
And all advice is very soon forgot;
The careless hear, as if they heard it not.
And thus the Heart it self betrays to woe,
Deceiving others doth it self undoe:
Till carelessness the Heart so hardens o're,
It loves those Enemies, it fear'd before.
That Curtain drawn will show the hard sear'd Heart,
Half dead in Sin feeles not the greatest smart.

*Curtains drawn: discovers* Cardian *sitting, black patchet on his Eyes: stopping his Ears with his Hands:* Anoetus Pathus *on each side stand thrusting Swords at his Side.*

*Scru.* What black is that which covers o're his Eyes?
*Inter.* Thick Scales of blindness from carelessness arise.
*Scru.* What means his Hands?
*Inter.* With those he stops his Ears,
Left he the voice of Truth, or Conscience hears.
And there his inbred Lusts their drawn Swords dart,
Levelling unrebated points at's Heart.
So hard, he nothing feels: but now no more,
The rest you'l see e're the next Act be o're.

*Shut the Curtains and retire to Standings:*

ACT.

# ACT. III.

*Enter* Pathus, Anoetus.

*Anoe.* SO now the work is done, our peace is made,
Nor are we longer of our Foes afraid,
*Path.* What Folly had it been for us to Fight,
When such sweet charms do us to peace invite?
*Anoe.* Now we alone the Governour shall sway,
While *Idos* and *Sunidos* are away.
*Path.* But are you sure they are in Prison bound?
*Anoe.* I saw them both fast chain'd unto the ground,
Nor is it likely they escape again;
Since *Cardian* is delighted with their pain.

*Enter* Cardian.

*Path.* My Lord! we bring you most surprising news.
*Car.* What comes from you I never shall refuse.
But I already understand your care:
How without fighting we in quiet are.
Methinks I now do rule, grown absolute,
Impris'ning those, that my commands dispute.
As if nothing were done without the King,
But all my actions to his Laws would bring,
To try by them if all were right and good,
As though I nothing ever understood.
*An.* But Peace is now confirm'd th' Articles sign'd,
Such as agree with your Imperial Mind.
And should the King this Covenant dislike,
He's far, and will be long e're he can strike.
*Pa.* What need we think of him? can't you alone
Govern this City? let him mind his Throne.
'Tis much below his Honour, and Renown,
To mind the little tricks of every Town.

Those

*An.* Thoſe ſly Informers that would troubles make,
Quarelling thoſe which you to union take.
Are faſt enough.

*Car.* ---Nay I their quarrels ſlight,
So much I in this new made Peace delight,
And the ſweet carriage of my once fear'd Foes,
For all their words I'le not theſe pleaſures looſe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Kerux *alone.*

*Ker.* What dreadful miſts do blind *Cardinal* Eyes
That he is now become the Rebels prize.
All warnings loſt to him, all reaſon vain?
Flatter'd by Fooliſh Paſſion, to never dying pain.
His Enemies ſuffer'd to rule in part,
But will hereafter quite ſubdue his Heart:
His faithful Councellors in Priſon caſt,
His Loyalty doth baſe rebellion blaſt,
Yet to my Prince and him I'le true remain,
And ſhow him yet what ſpots his Mind do ſtain.
The Priſon is not far where there do lye
His beſt of Friends in darkeſt Miſery.
This is the Door I will look in and ſee
How far I can regain their liberty.

*Draws the Curtain: within are diſcovered* Idos *and* Sunidos; *as in Priſon bound and gag'd.*

What fatal crime hath brought you to this place?
Or what ſly Traitor wrought you this diſgrace? *After Pauſe.*
What can't you ſpake? Alas you're gag'd I ſee,
VVell I will looſe your Tongues, and ſet them free.

*Takes out the Gags.*

*Sunid.* Baſely betray'd, the Enemy drew near,
And we together did his forces chear,
Inſtead of Fight, he baſely do's compound;
And none but we did feel the ſmalleſt wound.

*Ido.* And for our care the Prison's our reward,
*Anoetus* and *Pathus* head his Guard.
And our expulsion for false peace doth pay,
That they more safely may his Life betray.

*Ker.* I have restor'd your Tongues, now see that you
Employ them to inform him what is true.
He'l come ere long this way, when he draws near,
Be sure that he may both your Voices hear.

*Shuts the Curtains and walks off.*

Now though he hate me I to find him go,
Of this false Peace his certain Sorrows t' show.

*Exit.*

*Enter* Cardian *Solus.*

*Car.* How sweet a Life is this! all fears are gone,
My City's safe and I command alone:
My Enemies are now become my Friends,
And I their Service use to my own ends,
I neither fear my Prince, nor seek his aid,
No terrors near to make my Heart afraid.

*Enter* Pathus.

*Path.* Sir here is *Kerux* the Ambassadour,
*Car.* His absence to his presence I prefer.
Say I am not at leasure now to lend
An Ear to th' tedious message he intends.
*Path.* I fear he'l not be so put off, he's come,
And presses after me to the next Room.
*Car.* Tell him, O tell him any thing, that so
He may depart, or I from hence may go, *Offers to go and Enter another way*
*Path.* 'Tis now too late, see where he do's appear. *Ker. and Anoetus with him.*
*Car.* What ere he lays, I'le not regard nor hear,

*Retires to the Curtains, stops his Ears.*

*Ker.* Sir, I am come your danger to declare,
You think you've Peace, but a more dreadful War
Is comming to your Gates: rebellious places
Provoke their Prince unto their own disgraces.
They who refuse to have their Prince their Friend,
Call for his Wrath in peices them to rend.
Your feigned Friends can't help you, for one frown
Of his can make the strongest Forts fall down.
His Son his Army leads, and wont delay,
But comes to punish those that disobey.
To those that slight his love and Mercies day,
His Arm to swift revenge will cut his way.
How now? not hear?

*Path.* Sir he can rule alone,
Nor fears your Princes Frowns, nor from his Throne
Desires help:

*Ker.* If then your Ears you stop: open your Eyes, *Shows his*
Can you his Precepts written here dispise? *Commission.*

*Path.* These pretty Fancies Sir he scorns to see, Path. Anoe. *put*
They cannot shake him from security. *their hands before his Eyes.*
He will not doubt to find his Princes love,
You in his mind do needless terrors move.

*Ker.* Nay then he's lost, your Treachery hath won;
He by rebellion hath himself undone.

*Ano.* The threatn'd Man lives long, he may do so,
Go and insecret now lament his woe,
While we laugh at the unseen threatned blow.

*Car.* So he is gone at last: what was't he said, *Exit.* Kerux

*Path.* Nothing you either need regard or dread. *and then take*

*Ano.* *Amartan* by the Articles of Peace *down their hands.*
Is made high Steward, and he claims his Place.

*Car.* Well, he shall be install'd this day, but you
See that he be unto our interest true.

*Suni. within.* Hastening that ruine, that to your Polly's due.

*Path.* Ha! How got you your Tongue at liberty? *starting back.*
Your bawling cease or you shall stifled be.

*Anoe.* When *Amartan* the Stewardship hath got,
He'l punish you with Death, or Prison rot,

Or clap the searing Iron to your Throat.

*Car.* Well I can hear and yet not mind his Voice. *Exit.* Car.

*Path.* 'Tis that will make *Amarians* Heart rejoyce.

*Anoe.* Come let's go to his Chamber to consult
To keep *Cardian*, lest he should revolt.

*Path.* But in dark Paths we must our Councels guide,
Lest our designs should be by him descry'd.

*Anoe.* Nor must the smallest whisper this convey,
To *Idos* or *Sunidos*, for should they
Discover what we do, though they are bound,
They'l make our deeds out of the Prison sound.

*Path.* And should he either back from Prison call,
He would grow Loyal, and so ruine all. *Exeunt.*

*The End of the Third Act.*

# INTERMASKE.

Interpres *and* Scrutator *come and Salute and walk on,* &c.

*Scru.* WHat means this Peace, dear Sir! which they so boast?
As vlodghir never could again be lost.

*Inter.* This Peace they Boast, is but a slippery tye,
And not true Peace but false security.
Which the Heart never has until it wound
Its Knowledg, and can keep its Conscience bound.

*Scru.* Yet here's at rejoyces as if free,
His Princes Laws shook of, how at liberty!

*Inter.* Thus when the Heart its Power gives up to Sin,
To slight the Laws Divine it doth begin,
Flattering himself, says the most high don't know,
Or not regard the things done here below.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with his Folly slights his Conscience call.
*Scru.* Yet *Kerux* here once more discovers all,
And doth again untie the Conscience Tongue.
*Inter.* The Power of the Word Divine is strong,
And gives new Voice to Conscience, whose strong cry
Never forsakes the Sinner, though he die:
*Scr.* All's well he thinks, and now no danger neer,
But *Kerux* brings new motives unto fear.
First he avoids to see 'n, and when he's come:
His Ears are stopt, Eyes shut, and Tongue is dumb.
*Inter.* This shows what shifts the heardned Heart doth use
To shut out Truth, and so it self abuse.
The danger threaten'd, is at the dreadful Day,
When Justice shall to all their own works pay.
By Peace with Sin, the Peace above is broke,
The Heart expos'd to Vengeance dreadful stroke.
But the Heart by degrees doth grow so hard,
As neither threats or promise to regard,
With Death in Covenant, at Peace with Hell,
Flatters it self, as if all things were well.
And Truths advice will neither read, nor hear,
Blind with Presumption will not danger fear,
For love still hopes: forgets Justice of God,
Laughs at the thoughts of his revenging Rod;
But who continues proffered Love to slight,
Shall find his Portion in Eternal Night.
And here I thought to stop, but will proceed
To show the Heart under Convictions bleed.

*They retire too Standing at the Curtains.*

ACT.

# ACT. IV.

*Enter* Cardian *Solus.*

*Card.* THis Insolence I can no way endure,
But must find out some way to ease, or cure.
*Amartan* now is greater grown then me,
All him Obey, and my Commands they flie.
What have I got by yeilding? small content,
Nothing that lasts, but a short blandishment.
Councels are held from me, in secresie,
The grand Cabal doth in his Lodgings lie.
Nor ever can I know what 'tis they do,
Till 'tis in Action, and half finished too.
*Suni within.* And all will end in this to ruine you.
*Car.* Well Sir, I hear, but cannot that believe, *As slighting,*
Nor yet from Prison will I give reprieve.
But *Idos* shall in part my favour find,
I want his Councel to instruct my mind.
If he'l contented be to know nothing
Besides my self, to be his Lord and King,
And keep his fooliſh Tongue from prating more,
Dreadful Alarms, upon the Princes score:
And only teach me how I may Command
Those Slaves, that do begin to hold my hand.
I find their rudeness makes me something weak,
Which if continued all my strength will break,
I am resolv'd to try what *Idos* will do. *Pauses.*
Perchance now he has th'Prisons sadness try'd,
Those Chains may put a curb unto his Pride.
But if he'l not be rul'd, I will again
Send him to Prison, to his former pain.
I know these new come Friends will ne're agree
That he should be restor'd to Liberty.

There-

Therefore 'tis my own hands that deed must do,
That favour will the more oblige him too.

*Opens the Curtains,* Idos *and* Sunidos *in Prison as before*

Has yet the weight of Prison taught you how
With low Obedience, to my Precepts bow?
*Suni.* Ah Sir! will you at length some pitty take
On our unjust restraint, for your own sake?
'Tis you will feel the grief that we're confin'd,
In our release you to your self are kind.
*Car.* Peace Slave, for you I yet no kindness have,
*Sn.* Ah Sir my wounds will bring you to your Grave.
Those cruel wounds which they inflict on me,
By fatal Magick they transfer on thee:
*Car.* Sir for your part you shall in Prison lie,
You still are insolent, but I 'le untie *Unbinds him, he rises, and*
The Bonds of *Idos:* and thus set him free. *bows, shuts the Curtain.*
*Ido.* I own you th'Author of my Libertie.
*Car.* Let your unruly Tongue keep within bounds,
And no more utter old distastful sounds.
*Ido.* I can't forbear if dangers are in view,
I can't conceal them, but must say what's true.
*Car.* If dangers real be, but do not feign
Pretended dangers, to renew my pain.
*Ido.* These your pretended Friends great perils be,
Which you'l discover by their hate of me.
*Car.* That they won't like your liberty I grant,
Yet they will never let me Pleasures want,
But those on me in such disorder press,
I seek advice disorders to redress.
*Ido.* That cannot be while thus you do remain,
Their seeming pleasures always end in pain.
A little tickling fills your Mind, and then
Your former Sighs oppress your Heart agen.
And though at my advice you always chase,
I know you cannot think that you are safe
In their Protection, whatso'ere you say,

You

You cannot find, nor hope, they will Obey.
If you neglect, what to your Prince is due,
How can you hope, Slaves should prove true to you?
Who 'gainst his Prince rebels, betrays his Heart
To every sneaking Slave, that takes his part.
And if our Prince sends forth his armed Bands,
You'l find them first betray you to their hands.

*Enter* Pathus *and* Anoetus *and draw.*

*Path.* Slave who has been so bold to loose your Bands? *To* Idos.
*Car.* Hold your rude Weapons, 'twas at my Command.

*Strikes down their Swords.*

*Ano.* Then Sir your Articles of Peace are broke,
And for *Amartans* high displeasure look. *Angry.*
*Car.* What? is *Amartan* greater grown than I?
*Ano.* You'l find it Sir unto your miserie.
*Car.* Must then *Amartan* now become your Lord?
*Ido.* See Sir by this what help they will aford.
*Car.* 'Tis I have freed him and to curb your pride,
Without his help I can't the City guide.
When this unto our Steward you discrie,
And he demands who freed him, say 'twas I.
You're foolish Traitors you had quite forgot,
To keep your Treason close I'le spoil the Plot. *Exeunt.* Car. Ido.
*Path.* Is it then come to this? are we so low
That *Idos* must upon our ruine grow? *Put up their Swords.*
*Ano.* Shall he triumphant stand while we do fall?
Rather than I'le see that, I'le venture all.
*Pa.* Though he by this thinks our design o'rethrown,
We'll take his Life though we expose our own.
*Ano.* They that dare plot rebellion 'gainst their King,
Must never [illegible]k at any smaller thing.
*Path.* *Amartan* easily poison can convey,
Or lay a Train of Powder in his way
To blow him up, let us consult within,
He that loves treason 'twil at last reach him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Lupa.

*Lu.* Thus far I'm unresisted come to bring
The last and fatal message from our King.
'Tis true no force can stop me but I find
No armed Guards to any Gate design'd.
All in confusion, a regardless rout
To fence a Citie, and keep danger out.
How doth this fond securitie, expose
The Rebels to their Princes wrathful blows.
To what poor strength doth weak rebellion trust?
As though the Prince to punish were not just.
They seek not Peace, nor seek to ward his blows,
But to his Sword their naked Heads expose.
'Twill not be long ere *Cardian* come this way,
My Message is to him, and here I'le stay. *Stands by.*

*Enter* Cardian *and* Idos.

*Car.* Let poor tame Fools weakly their power resign
To others, I'le by my own Glory Shine.
Nor any strength shall weigh my Power down,
I'le make these Rebels know I rule the Town,
And use their Service though the Prince do frown,

Lupa *steps before him*

*Lu.* I bring you Summons Sir, in th' great Kings name.
*Car.* Summons to me Man? know'st thou who I am?
*Lu.* Yes very well Sir, base *Amartans* Slave.
*Car.* Must I be thus abus'd by a little Knave? *Offers to draw.*
*Ido.* Hold Sir, he is the great Kings Messenger,
Slighting the Servant provokes the Masters Ire.
*Car.* Well what's your Message?
*Lu.* Sir this Command I bring
You must Accounts prepare to give the King.
*Car.* What has the King to do with mine or me?
Cannot I rule here, from his trouble free?

Let me have Peace, I do'nt moleſt his Throne,
I muſt make War, if he diſturbs my own.
I fear not all his Power, his dwellings far
*Lu.* With this ſlight ſtroke, he thus begins the War,

Lupa *lays his hands on* Cardians *Neck and he ſinks down on his ſtick.*

Look to it, Sir, ſince you your Prince defie
And War proclame, he'l make you yeild or die.
*Car.* What hurt thou done? I now want ſtreng to ſtand,
My ſtrong Back bows under thy heavy hand:
*Id.* He, but his hand upon your Neck did lay,
You find your boaſted ſtrength did ſoon decay,
And will or will not now you muſt Obey.
*Car.* But I will ſhake it off; *Amartan* Company *Strive to ſtand upright but can't.*
Shall free me from this ſeeming Miſery
Ha! *Pathus* and *Acetus* bring here *Calls aloud.*
*Amartan* ſtraight, my drooping Mind to chear.
Tell him he muſt my failing ſtrength reſtore,
And ſet me upright as I ſtood before.
*Id.* You call to them in vain, I'm ſure 'twas they
That left you Guardleſs, and to this betraie.
Since firſt you them unto your Boſom took,
They have prepar'd for you this fatal ſtroke.
*Lu.* 'Twas they indeed that open'd me the way,
And to your Princes fury you betraie
They make you firſt offend, and then accuſe,
*Car.* And now I can't at all their ſuccour uſe. *Lays his hand on his Breaſt.*
This Heart of Steel that no Impreſſion felt
From him whoſe Word the Stonie Mountains melt,
Drops down like melting Wax, at this ſlight blow.
Thou doſt the Art of Magick uſe I know,
What makes thee come thus to torment me now?
*Lu.* Sir, 'tis not I torment, thoſe you allow
As greateſt Favourites gave you this Wound,
And 'twas their Magick, that has kept you bound
In Shades of Night: benum'd you could not feel
Thoſe Wounds you had from their envenom'd Steel.

*Amartan*

*Amartan* poison'd for them: I'm your Friend,
Your Prince has sent this Summons to the end
You might discover their base treachery;
Then will you loath them, and rejoice in me.

*Ido.* My Lord I'le lead you to the hollow Vail, *Takes him by the Arm.*
To our renowned famous Oracle.
To which, when you your pressing grief disclose,
That gives you comfort, and your Cure shows.

*Card.* Pray will you stay behind, *To* Lupa.

*Lup.* No Sir, I'le go,
Do not you think that I'le be shook off so,
But as your Shade will follow you to bring
You back to Loyaltie unto your King.
But if from him you still resolve to part,
From him I've power ever to vex your Heart.

*Exeunt* Cardian *led of by* Idos,

*Enter* Pachus Anoetus.

*Path.* So now he's pay'd, when his strength's almost spent,
He'll seek our help, to banish discontent.

*Ano.* We'll let him come, we'll entertain him still,
Till with our pleasures we his Heart do kill.

*Pa.* But if he *Lupa* entertain, we must
Look to our selves, not in his Favour trust.

*Ano.* Let with *Amartan* all your force be join'd,
That he may not the blows of *Lupa* mind.
He us discovers: And if regarded will
*Sunidos* free: and arm him us to kill.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Cardian, Idos, Lupa, *and go on to the end of the Stage.*

*Ido.* This is the place my Lord, if you unfold
Your pressing grief, the Cure shall soon be told:

*The Eccho is Acted within by* Sunidos *and* Kerux: *the last taking only the last Syllable, as a double Eccho.*

*Car.* Under the preſſure of ſtrong grief I bow,
*Eccho* I know——know
*Car.* What power can teach me to eſcape from this?
*Eccho* This——his
*Ca.* The help of him that now comes from my Prince?
*Eccho* Thy Prince——Prince
*Car.* My Prince that ſent it muſt I truſt him then?
*Eccho* Truſt agen——agen
*Ca.* How dare I truſt him, whom I 've thus diſgrac't?
*Eccho* Thou maieſt——maieſt
*Ca.* How ſhall I then my Princes Favour find?
*Eccho* Kind——kind
*Car.* Thou bableſt *Eccho* I dare not believe.
*Eccho* Believe——lieve
*Car.* Can I believe when thus he does torment?
*Eccho* Therefore ſent——ſent
*Car.* But then I muſt let forth *Sunidos* free?
*Eccho* *Sunidos* free——free
*Car.* This is no *Eccho* but *Sunidos* Tongue.
*Suni. within.* 'Tis true Sir, but I tell you nothing wrong,
To Councel then to councel ſtraight,
'Tis the laſt turning of the fate,
If you this Meſſenger refuſe,
The King will not another uſe,
Or ſh ould you flatter him away,
And in your former courſes ſtray,
His angry Army then muſt take their turn,
The Town conſum'd, you in its flames muſt burn.
*Car.* I now begin to fear all this is true,
And to all comfors I muſt bid adue. *Exeunt.*

## End of the Forth Act.

Inter-

# INTERMASKE

Interpres *and* Scrutator *Meet, Bow, and walk on,* &c.

*Scru.* SIr, this oblieging favour you bestow,
Binds me with all respect my thanks to show, *Bows.*
I have observ'd each passage of each Scene,
But understand not clearly what all mean.
Must beg your help to teach me once again.
Why in Security doth he complain?

*Inter.* The Heart of Man's nor satisfi'd with Sin,
Though as one ends another does begin.
For though in acts of Sin the Heart seems glad,
Yet in and after 'tis in secret sad.

*Scru.* What means their secret councel that 'tis unknown
To him what is a doing till 'tis done.

*Inter.* The Heart habituate to Sin, still goes
So blindly on he sins before he knows.
And therefore willing to have knowledg flee.
For without that his way he cannot see
In worldly things, and therefore would confine
Knowledg, to them alone: nothing Divine
Cares he to hear: But Knowledg can't forbear.

*Scru.* But while that Conscience under restraint doth stay,
The words of Knowledg are but cast away.
But yet his League of Peace is broke with Sin,
By that he's seeming to return agen,
Yet moves but slowly.

*Inter.* Some spark of grace may be remaining still,
Though 'tis so small 'tis hardly visible,
But as a Man by dreadful lightning shot,
Has still some Life, although he knows it not.

*Scru.*

*Serv.* But who's this new come Messenger, that now
With one small stroke makes all his strength to bow,
Who strongest Guards could not keep out, yet he
Says he had entrance, by their Treachery.

*Inter.* This *Lupa* is Affliction, which doth make
The strongest earthly Heart, unfit to make
A good Account before the King of Kings.
This to remembrance calls the forepast sins,
They bring affliction, from Sin it first began
Affliction shows how weak's the strongest Man:
Sin lets Affliction in, Sin can't withstand
When the most high by that lays on his hand.
The World's too weak to keep Affliction out,
Though fenc'd with worldly comforts round about
'Twill find a passage to the Heart.
And though he threatens help of Sin to seek,
That cannot help, but all its power's too weak.

*Serv.* But yet the wicked Heart is loath to see
The hand that does inflict this Misery,

*Inter.* So Man forgets from whence affliction's sent,
To Chance or Magick ascribes punishment.

*Serv.* Yet *Lupa* tells that he doth bring no ill,
But only whence his evils come doth tell.

*In.* 'Tis Sin that wounds, Affliction doth but show
The wounds of Sin, that make the Heart thus bow.

*Serv.* What means the bringing to the hollow Vail?

*Inter.* Conscience and Truth speak in the Oracle,
Sorrows to silent cogitations lead
Seeking refreshment, or the afflicted bed.

*Serv.* Conscience here says, this Message is the last,
'Tis favour too, if scorn'd his ruine hasts.

*Inter.* Chastizing warnings find not every one,
Some are cut off by swift destruction.
And swift destruction always does await
Such as do scorn reproof, and date their fate,
By fond delaies.

*Serv.* ——— now I have been to bold,
You by impertinence thus long too hold,

*Inter.*

*Inter.* If these but pardon, and are satisfi'd, *To the Presence*
I shall incourage you rather than chide
Now view the end, and, and see how dreadful fear
Pursues the trembling Heart, in black dispair.

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## ACT. V.

*Curtains drawn.*

Cardian *discovered sitting in his Chair as melancholly,* Lupa, Anoetus, *and* Pathus *attending him, after a pause he starts up in a rage. Curtains shut.*

*Car.* AMartan! O tame easy Fool that I *ragingly strikes his*
Should ever trust my deadly Enemy. *Breast.*
His fatal Poison reaches every part,
And with whole Legions now assaults my Heart. *Lays hand on*
*Ano.* This is the kindness of your friendly King. *Breast.*
*Lu.* 'Tis love to show the State you've brought him in,
*Pa.* Can this be love to vex him thus with grief,
*Lu.* You vex, his Prince calls him to seek relief.
*Car.* *Amartan* that vile Slave has poison'd me,
I fear it too was by your treachrie: *To* Anoetus *and* Pathus.
*Ano.* What ours my Lord? chear up we hope to see
You merry once again, from this stroke free.
*Pa.* Shake that attendant off, your Prince forget *Points to* Lu.
And there's no doubt you may be merry yet.
*Car.* Flatter nor tempt no more, I know you now:
Your falshood 'twas that makes me weak and low.
I for *Sunides* to the Prison sent,
*Ano.* His coming Sir, will give you small content,
Instead of comfort he'l your torment be.
*Car.* I fear his coming won't much comfort me.

But

But he that feels the pains that I endure,
Will ask of all he may, to find a Cure.

*Enter* Sunidos, *led in by* Idos.

See where he comes, who I so long did slight,
And now his very Presence does affright. *Turns away.*
Though he's my Servant, I did so disgrace
His faithful love, I scarce dare see his Face.

Anoetus *and* Pathus *run behind the Curtain.*

*Ido.* What? do you hide your Heads? 'tis time to go,
That have your Master thus betray'd to woe.
*Lu.* 'Tis time to go and sit you were confin'd,
That were most cruel, when you seem'd most kind.
*Sunid.* Sir you have sent for me, but I'm so weak
By Wounds and Prison, I can scarcely speak.
*Car.* 'Twas I that gave those Wounds, and now I feel
My self am touch't by the envenom'd Steel.
O how I reel and totter, that once thought *Staggers.*
My strength too great to be to weakness brought.
*Ido.* Had you our councel taken, none of this
Had ever come to interrupt your bliss.
But now your Friends are weak, your strength surpriz'd,
By Rebels siding with your Enemies,
*Su.* Your Prince provok'd by your rebellion
To your destruction swiftly hastens on.
Your self grown weak, you cannot now oppose
Your Princes strength, nor comfort find in those
You entertain'd as Friends, and trusted to,
'Tis their infectious Wounds that ruine you.
*Id.* O! whether can you turn to seek for aid?
*Lu.* Or where indeed can any help be had?
Your Prince provok'd abroad, your Friends at home
Put out of Power, those you have trusted come
To work your ruine, and now too late you find,
You're wounded both in Body State and Mind.

But

*Sunid.* But if you had but heard our Councels cast
You'd stood in Tryumph, now in ruine fall.
*Card.* Enough, Enough of this, forbear, no more,
This is no ease, but torment to my sore.
What Councellors did I neglect and scorn?
My Heart now trembles and my Flesh does mourn.
*Su.* To think what Prince, and Friends you have forsook,
What Poisonous Vipers, to your Breast you took.
Whose venom'd bites you shall forever feel,
Bound in your Princes Chains of flaming Steel,
Which justly you deserv'd, that slighted so
His often warnings, and would to ruine go.
Join'd with his Foes, and so your self betray'd,
The Town you had to govern Slaves are made
By your deceit, thinking to cheat your King,
Unto your self you do this ruine bring.
*Ido.* His favour's lost that promis'd you a Crown,
And now you must appear before his frown,
'Twill not be long before he takes the Town.
*Lupa.* Yet seek to win his Favour once again:
*Card.* No that's too late, would I could ease this pain,
His Favour's gone for ever: Now I find,
I've so provok'd him, he'l no more be kind.
*Su.* Yet try him once again you do not know
But he may have compassion on your woe.
*Card.* O would I could but cure *Amatans* Wound,
And once again exclude him from my Ground.
*Ido.* Send Sir, and find out *Kerux*, He's your Friend,
I'm confident he will assistance lend,
To reconcile your Prince, and make your Peace,
Cast out your Foes, and cure your Wounds with ease.
*Card.* No, No, 'tis all too late my time is gone
I dare not now approach my Princes Throne.
Too late for Peace, his Army's marching round,
Methinks I hear his Drums, and Trumpets sound.
*Anse.* You have but left this only remedy,
To draw your Sword, and be at pains to Dye.

*Card.* 'Tis all I have to truſt to this relief,
'Tis Death alone can cure all my grief.

*Draws, ſets the Hilt to the Ground, point to his Breaſt, prepares to fall on his Sword.* Suni. *ſtarts out and holds him*

*Suni.* Hold Sir, Though weak my ſtrength's not ſo much ſpent,
But love makes ſtrong, your ruine to prevent.
If thus you Wound your ſelf you'l find too late,
Death is not half the eaſing of your fate.
This will far more the Kings diſpleaſure move,
Then all you yet have done to forfeit's love.
How kind he yet may prove you do not know,
Throw not away his kindneſs at one blow.
If you do live his love may reinſtate,
If thus you dye you'l ſure provoke his hate, Idos *and* Lupa
Living, at worſt you but his favour doubt, *whiſper.*
But dying thus you ſhut all favour out.

*Car.* Muſt I then live——— *taking up his Sword.*

*Sunid.* Your Prince will have it ſo,
You muſt your life unto his Favour owe.

*Lu.* I'm ſure he's there and I'm as ſure he'l come. *To* Idos.

*Ido.* No way but that now to prevent his doom. *Exit.* Idos.

*Anoe.* They're ſending Sir, for *Kerux*, why ſhould you,
Expoſe your ſelf in torments to his view.
You need him not as yet, ſtay but one day,
What harm can be in ſuch a ſhort delay,

*Sunid.* Villain no more he now diſcerns your ſpite
Would lead him to the ſhades of everlaſting Night.

*Enter* Kerux *and* Idos.

*Kerux.* How now Sir? do you find my words were true?
Theſe are the dangers I foretold to you.

*Car.* Too true I find what I would not believe.
But can you in ſuch Dangers comfort give?
Tormenting pains do all my bowels fill,
Which baffle all Phyſitians and their skill.

Chirur-

Chirurgions may a wounded Body rear, *Points to his Breast.*
This Poiſon wounds my heart, and who can bear.
And in this ſtate my King is coming on,
To puniſh me for my rebellion.
Truſting, againſt my ſelf, my Foes and his,
O who can any comfort give to this?

*Ker.* I muſt confeſs you have great cauſe to fear,
Joyning with Rebels, and the Kings Army near.
And thoſe you truſted now you find your Foes,
Who would your Head to the Kings Sword expoſe.
Yet, if you willing are from thoſe to flie,
And truſt your ſelf to the Kings Clemency:
I doubt not but ſome remedy to find.

*Card.* O do not flatter my deluded Mind.

*Ker.* If to your Loyaltie you will return,
I'le make your Enemies, your dangers mourn.
If *Idos* and *Sunidos* you reſtore,
Unto thoſe Offices they held before;
Exclude your Slaves from Power, and drive away
*Amartan* and his Troops who you betray.
And ſend a true ſubmiſſion to the King,
I'le undertake I will your Pardon bring.

*Car.* But how ſhall I now make them quit the Town?
They've poiſon'd me and all my ſtrength put down.
*Amartans* Guards poſſeſſeth every Fort,
And make my loſs and danger all their ſport.

*Ido.* Give me commiſſion I'le ſuch force convey
Into the Town, ſhall drive the Foes away.

*Suni.* The Princes Banner on the Walls diſcrie,
They dare not ſtay but preſently will flie.

*Car.* But though all this be done and they ſhould go,
My paſt rebellion makes my King my Foe.

*Ke.* Come doubt no more, but chear your drooping mind,
I do aſſure you your Pardon's ſign'd.
You had a Friend, you thought not on, at Court,
The Kings own Son ſpoke to his Father for't.
And now his powerful Army this way bends,
To worſt your Foes, and to defend your Friends.

*Car.* But Sir, those poisonous wounds I yet do fear,
Till cure, of them I dare not to appear.
Before my King.

*Ido.* To heal them, nothing's good,
But the vile Poisners Death, and Conquerers Blood.
He's like a Scorpion, whose Sting being bruis'd,
Cures the Venome, that his Sting infus'd.

*Ker.* That I'le obtain: That Valiant Champion,
Your best of Friends, and our Kings only Son,
In Combat hath this Foe *Amartan* found,
And given him, in Fight, a mortal Wound.
The Blood he shed, to gain that Victorie,
To work your Cure, I'le to your Wound applie.

*Card.* Methinks this news to me new Life returns,
Unutterable Joy in my Heart burns.
Welcome dear *Lupa*, if thou hadst not come
I poison'd might have dropt into my Tomb
And died unpitied, hated by my King:
Thou cam'st and dawnings of new Life didst bring.
Your Pardon dearest Friends *Cardian* craves, *To* Id. *and*
I will no more abuse you as my Slaves. Sunidos.
But you dear *Kerux*, have such favour shown,
That all my thanks seem due to you alone.
My Hearts too narrow this swelling Joy to hold,
My Tongue would tire to speak't, all can't be told.
Now to your guidance I my self resign,
And hope by my Kings love again to shine.

*Ker.* Sir, thank not us, it is your Kings free love,
We as his Agents, in our places move.

*Car* For you my Slaves, to you will I be Just, *To* Anoetus *and*
And see you pai'd, for your abused trust. Pathus.

*Ker.* Come Sir let's go, and all this work compleat,
In honour reinstate you in your Seat.
Guard and disarm those Slaves, that they no more *To* Lupa.
May hope to rise, and trouble, as before. *Disarms* Anoetus
Thus the great power, that ruleth in the Skies, *and* Pathus.
Subdues the Base, and makes the Worthy rise. *Exeunt.*

The End of the Fifth Act.

Inter-

# INTERMASKE.

Interpres *and* Scrutator *meet*, *Bow*, *and Walk on*, &c.

*Inter.* COme Sir I 've almost done, what think you now
O'th' Hearts sharp torment? and the bitter woe?
Sensible of a Sin polluted State,
From the most high justly deserving hate.
*Scrut.* This dreadful Scene so discompos'd my Mind,
That I can scarcely yet it setled find
Yet by the sweetning and refreshing close,
In Sympatizing Joies my fancie flows:
Here I observe, that *Lupa* still doth stay,
By force nor flatterie will be away.
*Inter.* When once Affliction hath seis'd the Heart,
By the Divine Command, 'twill never part,
Either it will to reformation bring,
Or set a point upon the Conscience sting.
The Sparks of torments fire with it bears,
Which are not quencht but by repentant tears.
*Scrut.* What means *Cardias* fierce complaint and rage?
Which all their comforts hardly can asswage.
*Inter.* That shows the Hearts sad State, and dreadful fear,
Poison'd with Sin when Death and Judgment's near,
Where now unreconcil'd it must appear.
The sence of Sin raises that thick black Cloud
Where slighted Mercie Comforts Face doth shrowd.
*Scrut.* And yet those Slaves are interposing still,
What false hope flatters in the midst of ill.
*Inter.* Folly and Lust Repentance do oppose,
But sharp Affliction shuts the Mouth of those.

*Scrut.*

*Scrut.* His faithful Councellors add to his grief,
To aggravate his crimes is ſmall relief.
*Sunidos* weak to help doth grief inflame,
*Idos* no comfort gives but ſhows his ſhame,
Neglecting Councels in his Princes name,
Threatens his frowns, and ſudden laſting blame:
Adviſing him ſo weakly yet to move,
Again to ſeek his angry Princes love,
That Folly ſoon perſwades to end that ſtrife,
To cut off fear and trouble with his life.

*Inter.* So Knowledg of offence: Conſcience of Sin,
When by Affliction, they are both call'd in,
Do ſet the Soul on rack; ſmall comfort give,
The Heart doth rather chuſe to die than live
In deep diſpair.
Conſcience, though weak, ſtops the too forward hand,
And puts that reſolution to a ſtand;
Showing, though he in danger was before,
That this new Sin will make his danger more.
Death's not the way a Sin ſick Soul to cure,
Nor ends Sins grief, which ever will endure,
Such a diſpairing ſtroke will make Damnation ſure.

*Scru.* But the Ambaſſadour now comes again,
Offering him to free him from all pain.
Promiſes help, Pardon, and Princes love,
His Foes from their uſurped Power to move,
If he but willing be, clears every doubt,
Only unwillingneſs can keep comfort out.

*Inter.* See here, the charming ſweets of love Divine,
Which in the ſacred Oracles do ſhine.
Affliction teaches Knowledg them to ſeek,
Which heal the ſick in Soul, confirm the weak,
Only unwillingneſs, or unbelief,
Chain up the doubting Soul in drooping grief.
Faith breaks thoſe binds, makes willing to return
And new inliv'ning flames of Joy do burn.
Renews obedience to the great Kings will,
That arms his hands his Luſt and Sins to kill.

*Scru.* And thus restor'd to hope his thanks are paid
To those that, for him real kindness had;
*Lupa* himself who first did make him bow,
Finds grateful kindness is return'd him now.
*Inter.* The Heart being thus renew'd, in Peace and calm,
Finds that Affliction brought not wounds but balm.
A remedie against Sins sharpest ill,
Now taught thereby Gods precepts to fulfil.
Conscience, and Knowledg, as best Friends he chears,
Taught to seek safetie by their real fears.
But the sweet word, of promises Divine,
Doth above all with greatest Lustre shine;
And justly challenges his greatest love:
By that new life his Sin dead Soul did move.
*Scru.* I thank you Sir, you have perform'd your task,
There now remains no doubt for me to ask.
*Inter.* But now I doubt, but not of you, but these, *Points to*
Whether these empty toys them can please *the Presence.*
Your Pardon 'tis I beg, and patient Ear,
The Joyes of the renewed Heart to hear.

*Curtains drawn within is discovered,*

Cardian, *Crowned with Bayes, encompassed by* Kerux, Idos, *and* Sunidos, *who joyn Hands, and hold drawn Swords in their right hands upright, by them kneel* Anoetus *and* Pathus, *their hands bound behind, and* Lupa *standing behind, holds a drawn Sword over their Heads,* Interpres *with* Scrutator *standing at the lower end of the Stage, thus describes it:*

*Inter. Scrutator,* there a double Emblem sees,
The Heart triumphant: and safety of Peace.
*Scru.* Methinks my Eye discovers, as it stands,
When faithful Councellors with joyned hands
Encompass in the Governour a round,
In Peace, and safetie by their hands he's crown'd.
The Rebels, there to good behaviour ty'd, *Points to* Anoetus
Peace, and Protection, guards every side. *and* Pathus.

*Inter.*

*Inter.* Sir, For the outside, thus you judg aright,
While concords bands Governours Hearts unite,
Truth, Wisdom, Knowledg, in those three are spoke;
That threefold Cord cannot be easily broke:
Where ever these together live in Peace,
There flourishes Prosperity, and Ease.

*Scru.* Now, let my Mind be guided by mine Eye,
To taste the sweets of the Moralitie.

*Inter.* Conscience and Knowledg, do united join,
Guided, and strengthned, by the Word Divine,
The Heart's at peace, and safe: Corruptions bound,
Broke by Affliction, chain'd unto the ground,
No more arise to rule.——*Points to* Anoetus *and* Pathus.

*Scru.* Thus then, those that would live before they die,
Must Flesh subdue and dear Lusts mortifie.

*Inter.* Now leave the Fable, and the Moral taste, *To the*
What's spent on that can't be accounted waste. *Presence.*

*Scru.* We seek our selves to learn, and teach,
The Heart deceitful we impeach.

*Inter.* Man may Man perswade amiss,
But our main desire is
To teach aright and plainly show,
That which vertue bids us do,

*Scru.* Where we fail we Pardon crave,
We yet, but small Experience have,

*Inter.* But by your graver Councels guide,
Hope to keep the safest side.
And what we learn, so to improve,
To walk in Vertues which you love.

*They retire bowing to the Presence: and then* Card. *speaks.*

*Card.* Forth from the depth of black dispair, I'm brought
To Happiness, above the reach of thought.

*Ido.* Your Peace now made, by our great Kings kind Son,
You have a pardon for Rebellion.

*Sunid.* But now you must no more to Folly turn,
In those hot Flames you've felt, avoid to burn.

*Ker.*

*Ker.* And then the Bayes, that now bud on your Brow,
Sall to Eternity for ever grow.

*Path.* While thus you guarded, and adviſed ſtand,
There needs no other Chains to bind our hands.

*Lupa.* Struggle you may, but rule you ſhall no more,
While thus I guard, to endanger as before.

*Ano.* We can't command, and now we will obey,
Your Councels guide us in a righter way.

*Ker.* But from your King, although your Pardon's come,
Yet muſt you here expect another Doom.

*Card.* What muſt I do then?

*Ido.* ——————Step forth, and beg their ſmile,
Acknowledg our Offences all this while.

*Suni.* And beg their Pardon too, for ſhould they frown,
'Twould be a ſecond looſing of the Town.

*They looſe hands, and* Cardian *ſteps forth, taking off his Crown of Bayes ſpeaks,*

# THE EPILOGUE.

Car. UNcrown'd again, I now to you appear,
Methinks, your preſence does renew
But now I'm taught (my fear,
Not to diſpair but hope,
Your former kindneſs eaſily bought,
That gives my boldneſs ſcope,
I dare petition for our Pardon now,
When we have hop'd 'twas granted long ago.

But, when our own unworthyneſs I veiw,
Methinks my hopes are falſe, my fears are true.
Offences now
We do a new commit,
To raiſe an Anger on your Brow,
To make you thus long ſit,
To hear us ſpeak but poorly broken ſence,
In ill plac'd Words increaſes our Offence.

Beſides

*Beſides 'tis an unpardonable Crime,*
*To mix with Fables, things Divine in rime.*
*Therefore my Bayes* { Throws down his
*I here throw at your Feet,* { Wreath of Bays.
*'Tis you that muſt condemn, or raiſe,*
*As you think meet.*
*But yet methinks you ſmile, your looks are kind,*
*And gives new hope to our diſpairing mind.*

*My Bayes I venture therefore to aſſume,* Take up Bayes.
*Begging that Pardon you are wont to give,*
*'Tis that alone can clear our duſky fume, (live.*
*My Bayes elſe wither: if you are pleas'd they*

**Exit.**

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**FINIS.**

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